Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord how wise you are.
Ar. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With that face.
Ar. I loue thee.
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so farewell.
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Ar. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.
Clo. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clo. Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vppon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therfore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampson* so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my

my turne: the *Passado* he respects not, th
not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but
due men. Adue Valoure, rust Rapier, be
manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist
rall God of Rime, for I am sure I shall tu
Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volum

Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, w
attending Ladies and three Lo

Boyet. Now Maddame summon vp yo
Cosider who the King your father sendes
To whom he sendes, and whats his Emba
Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes
To parlee with the sole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no lesse we
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie t
Needes not the painted florish of your pr
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the e
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tong
I am lesse proude to heare you tell my wo
Then you much willing to be counted w
In spending your Wit in the praise of mi
But now to task the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a
Till painefull studie shall outweare three
No Woman may approch his silent Cour
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull cou
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalf
Bold of your worthines, we single you,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)